

## The Pope's Crown of Gems

THE Papal tiara is really three crowns, each consisting of a band, edged with two rows of pearls and decorated with rubies, emeralds, hayacinths, sapphires, balas rubies, chrysolite and gold points.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1770, of William Wordsworth, poet, who, with Coleridge, started the romantic movement in English nineteenth century poetry. Wordsworth died in 1850.

## BEAUTY'S WORTH

A Fascinating Romance in Which an Ingenuous and Beautiful Girl Finds the Rainbow's End.

## THE ACTION SO FAR.

Prudence Cole, whose ancestors founded the Quaker settlement of Pottstown, finds herself as a little girl left motherless. Her father leaves her to be brought up by two aunts—the Misses Elizabeth and Cynthia Whitney. While she is with them, being reared in the old homestead, her father dies. Prudence is the delight of her relatives. She weaves a girlish romance about Henry Garrison, a good-looking boy, and defends him against the aspersions of a newcomer, Cheyne Robein, whose language shook the aunts. The Garrisons leave Pottstown. But Prudence cherishes the memory of Henry. Years later his mother brings him to call on her aunts and Prudence goes to visit her at a fashionable resort. She meets a girl friend of Henry.

("Beauty's Worth" has been created into a Photo Play by Cosmopolitan Producers; story by Sophie Kerr; scenario by Luther Reed; direction of Robert G. Vignola. It will be released as a Paramount picture.)

Screen Version Novelized,

By Jane McLean

MISS TILLSON, still delighted, proceeded to shock Miss Cole still more by insisting that unless she could learn to smoke she would be nobody in Haven.

"If my aunts should see me," Prudence suggested, wondering what would happen to her if she essayed this bit of wickedness so soon after her departure from the staid atmosphere of Pottstown.

Miss Tillson rose on the arrival of Mrs. Garrison, for whose money and social position she had a due respect and, excusing herself, strolled away, soon to be followed by Henry, who left the newcomer to the mercies of the older woman.

Miss Cole's Quaker costume was not lost on that arbiter of the smart set; she was a little disappointed, but too clever to say so.

"My dear, I hurried to you as soon as ever Henry told me you were here. I do hope you had a nice trip, and I'm so glad you met Amy Tillson—a charming girl and quite devoted to Henry."

"Engaged?" asked Prudence.

"Oh, no, my dear; don't think I mean that—nothing like it, just very good friends, that's all."

Prudence felt a distinct relief, why she could not have told. Mrs. Garrison led the way back to the hotel to see that her quarters had been arranged according to directions.

In walking along the veranda they passed the young man who had made the impromptu sketch; Mrs. Garrison bowed; he bowed; then he turned and gazed after the little Quaker.

"Did you notice that man?" asked Mrs. Garrison.

Prudence shook her head.

"He's Cheyne Robein, the famous landscape artist."

"Oh, is he?" The name did not call up any visions of the past—perhaps if Mr. Robein had stood there, hands in pockets, stuck out his tongue and painted a few freckles on his now clear skin—Prudence might have remembered a little, and if she had remembered a little, the whole would have come flooding back.

Mr. Robein had come to Haven for the beauty of its natural aspects and not for the beauties who gathered about its fountain pool and smoked cigarettes over its jazzy teas.

Not a popular man at all—quite beyond the comprehension of the Henrys and Tommys and the lounge lizards who neither spun nor tolled. Rather admired by the girls because he was acclaimed as famous at so early an age, but aloof for all that.

Mr. Robein, as a matter of fact, saw little of the gay parties and



Cheyne Robein Astounds Everyone by Choosing Prudence Cole (Marion Davies) for the Leading Part in the Charades.

the gay participants thereof; he came to paint and he was accustomed to wander along the rugged coast with his man Friday, who went by the name of Peter, settle on some particular view—arrange easel and brushes and lose himself in the art of transferring nature to canvas.

At those times, Peter, over twice his age and his devoted slave, would light a pipe, settle himself and dream, or, when meal time came, provide an impromptu feast that saved a trip back to the hotel.

Peter carrying the easel and brushes, and the artist sauntering along, pipe in mouth, were familiar sights to the summer folks.

Robein's one remark when he saw them was a groan of pity that they should spoil the view.

Now, Mr. Robein remembered his short stay in Pottstown and he remembered Henry Garrison. He saw him after all the years with a smile of toleration and a wonder at his own moderation long ago.

## ON ANCIENT SCIENCE

By Garrett P. Serviss

"I've been interested in the ancient Greeks and wondering how they found out the rotundity of the earth, and measured a degree of longitude, without a chronometer and a telescope. Could you tell me how they did it?"

THEY did it by being much more intelligent with regard to such problems than we rather conceited moderns have generally credited them with being. We are ready to admit that the old Greeks were our superiors in matters of art and taste, about which we don't care very much, but we are apt to fancy that practical science was invented in our time.

It doesn't require a very profound reading of ancient history to show that the Greeks and other early civilized peoples had the fundamental ideas of virtually all of our great inventions, and, in many cases, made long strides in developing them. In the act of patting ourselves on the back out of admiration for our greatness, we sometimes forget to give due credit to "the long result of time," which has developed science as a tree grows. But that tree was already tall and great in the days of Hipparchus, of Meton, of Eratosthenes, and of Archimedes. Then great lack then was of public schools, books, and newspapers to spread the knowledge that the few had gained and thereby to hasten the progress by stimulating interest and ambition.

The Greeks found out the rotundity of the earth in the same way in which we today tell school children that they can find it out if they don't believe their teachers.

"Go down to the seashore and watch a ship disappear hull first as it sinks behind the rim of the horizon."

"Look at the round shadow of

the earth cast over the moon during an eclipse."

"Travel from New York to Panama, and observe that the north star sinks thirty degrees toward the horizon in the course of your journey, as the simplest geometry tells you it must do if the journey is made on the surface of a globe."

Well, Aristotle, more than 300 years before Christ, appealed to precisely the same proofs of the rotundity of the earth. He had learned them from the Greek astronomers who lived before him, and they had found them out by observation and meditation. Our more complete proofs are simply refinements upon these.

It did not require any very elaborate instruments to discover the fact that the earth was round, but it did require the possession of a high intelligence to interpret the simple reports of the senses. The clue to the whole matter was in hand as soon as the subdivision of the circle had been made, and that was done so long ago that record of its first accomplishment is lost.

Long before the Christian era instruments were made for the measurement of angles on the principle of the subdivision of the circle. Thus the ancient Egyptians laid out their lands on the banks of the fertilizing Nile. The instruments were crude, because "the long result of time" had not yet perfected them, but they answered their purpose well enough to enable Eratosthenes, 250 years B. C., to measure the circumference of the round earth.

Eratosthenes was a Greek mathematician living in Egypt. He wrote a book on geography, and had so clear a perception of the shape of the earth that, more than 1,700 years before Columbus, he affirmed that it would be possible to sail from Spain to India by going always westward. He needed no telescope and no chronometer to find that out.

## When A Girl Marries :-:

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Big Popular Success.

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WHEN Tom Mason looked up in the doorway of Jim's office, it seemed as if he'd brought with him a second ghostly figure. I felt a sudden return of my first impression of him back in the early days of my marriage. I presented him to Mabel Storrs, and as they exchanged casual words of greeting, I wondered which she saw—the man I am beginning to like and trust or the visible Tom?

Her manner was frank and friendly—trusting even. It worried me from the first.

"You've come to help us, haven't you?" she remarked with a quiet assurance. "We can use a man's judgment in a few of the things that are bothering us."

"I'm glad you have a welcome on the door for me, Miss Storrs," said Tom eagerly. "For your friend, Donna Anna, is a proud lady. She never sends out S O S calls to her friends. So if my cousin Evvy Mason hadn't adopted the cause of Harrison versus West by the simple means of butting in, I suppose I'd be anywhere but here now. And what makes that all wrong is that I've begged to be allowed to prove my friendship for Jimmie and Mrs. Harrison."

"Oh, shucks, you don't mind if I stick to the name that suits her and call her Donna Anna, do you? Of course you don't—you're

a regular fellow," announced Tom, as if he'd been discussing the Harrison with Mabel Storrs since grammar-school days.

"Of course, I don't!" Mabel said, adapting herself to the occasion, and Tom, without the least sign of effort or strain, "Donna Anna is as right for Mrs. Harrison from one point of view as 'Lilac Princess' is from another."

"Right! Why shouldn't you remind me that for a week, I've been a 'Lilac Princess' in your own eyes?" chuckled Tom good-naturedly. "I'm used to being put in my place, Miss Storrs. But in the olden days, when the timid little bride thought I was an over-attending on hearts she never put me back where I belong more neatly and sweetly than you managed it just now. No hard feelings, however. And to prove it, how about going out to lunch and discussing Cousin Evelyn and her message in comfort?"

Tom certainly has a way with him. Mabel accepted, with only a preliminary "Yes," and said, "Do you think it will be quite all right for us to leave the office?"

"Anything here that matters?" asked Tom succinctly. "And any one here to take care of a message if one comes along that does matter?"

"No, to the first—yes, to the second," replied Mabel.

Why were we permitting Tom to carry us off like this? Why did he and Mabel take each other so completely for granted? Was it simply because they were two fine persons who liked each other—or was Tom at his old tricks?

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and he is twenty-five. We have recently become engaged. He does all in his power to please me and is good and sensible. I love him dearly and I am sure he reciprocates his love for me, as he shows it in every way. Lately I seem to pick at the least thing he does. It is not because I don't love him, for right after I nag at him and an argument is started, I regret what I have said and feel just as badly as he does about it.

OFTEN when folks are having some inner conflict they express their irritation at themselves by being irritable to others. Try to figure out what is worrying you, and above all learn to control the nerves which will destroy your happiness if you don't handle them a little better.

NEURALGIA or headache—rub the forehead—melt and inhale the vapors VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

## Home-Made Home

By Loretta C. Lynch

"T F there is one thing to be desired in a husband more than anything else, it is his ability to be handy with tools," writes Mrs. S.

"During the war we lost everything we owned. But my husband came back safe and was fortunate in securing a position. But we had no money with which to purchase furniture. We saved my husband's wages and first he put two white enameled single beds, and suitable covering for them. Then we took time searching for bargains in second-hand furniture."

The table was originally in black mission. The chairs were in brown mission. The sideboard and the china cabinet were in highly-glossed oak.

## Mrs. L. writes:

"I am convinced there is a difference in baking powder. I have been using any old powder for ten years but my cakes are 100 per cent better since I bought a can of Royal Baking Powder. I recommend it to any housewife who thinks she knows all about cake making with any kind of powder."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

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## An interesting serial of early wedded life.

The blue robe, Vab Crosby, Daisy

Condon and Irma Warren passed in procession through my mind. On almost any other score I should have been sure that Mabel Storrs could take care of herself, but I found myself bristling protectively over this spontaneous combustion friendliness with Tom Mason.

After we'd settled ourselves at our table and had acquiesced to Tom's generous suggestion that hors d'oeuvres would make a good start, he fairly lunged at us with his story.

"Can't neglect Evvy any longer," he said briskly. "Miss Storrs, you don't know the kiddie, but I want to tell you now that she's a little bit of all right and as clever as they come. Donna Anna knows that—though she may have been doubting part of it for a week. Evelyn liked that because she'd risk anything to serve a pal. Did you tell Miss Storrs anything about Evvy, Donna Anna?"

"All I know is that Miss Mason was supposed to go on a trip and didn't," interrupted Mabel, saving me the embarrassment of expressing myself concerning Evvy Mason. "And that she has an unusual voice—husky and sweet—which she's used twice to get messages to me. One was to warn me against a man named Rogers. One to announce that she'd borrowed back her car rather unceremoniously."

While she was speaking Tom's eye caught mine. I've an idea that he read doubt and disillusionment in my glance. With a look of un-

derstanding and approbation for Mabel, he broke in hastily.

"Evvy took a chance calling you! Darned likely that West has managed to find a leak in the Harrison wire. But she didn't want you to run into danger, and she wasn't willing to give you a second's worry she could save you."

"The kid cooked this up all by herself a while ago. She knows Dick West. She once thought she liked him. You see she has the unfortunate Mason tendency to philanthropy, Miss Storrs. But she's got it under control, and now she's only using her gift of coquetry in order to serve her friends, the Harrisons."

"West called her on the wire a few weeks ago. He thought she had reason not to be overly fond of the house of Harrison. She realized too late that if she'd been quick on the trigger she would have played about it. But she grew indignant at his suggestion that she could pay off a few things. She lit into the man. Fortunately not until she had a few leads. Then she decided to speak into town and run Richard down."

"She came to me with her plan, and I vetoed it until she persuaded Donna Anna to ask me to stand by. So I helped Evvy start her game of playing private detective. I'm not sure it's a nice, clean, safe game—but, somehow, I bank on my little cousin to see it through."

"She's off on her trip now—a bit more suddenly than she planned. She hit the rail this afternoon—"

(To Be Continued Saturday.)

## RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

## The Test.

M R. JONATHAN GREEN had

a flying machine—a wonder, as everyone said; it was shining and white (oh, a beautiful sight) with trimmings of yellow and red. It became quite the craze and folks waited for days to see it soar up in the sky; but one drawback it had which was certainly bad, for that flying machine wouldn't fly! Mr. Ponce de Leon you may recollect made a search for the Fountain of Youth, which he said was a pool that could prove Time a fool and make people younger, forthwith. Yes, he claimed in that glade where its bright waters played, shiny heads would

grow foliage again, all who went there to swim would be youthful and slim no matter how fat they were then. 'Twas a number one scheme and beautiful dream, but it had one unfortunate quirk, while prospecting around, many fountains he found, but never a one that would work! Some folks think it a pest to put plans to the test, they assert it's a sin and a shame when they've built a fine boat to say: "Well, does she float?" That it takes all the zest from the game. But, who'd care for a ship that would not take a dip for fear it would speedily drown? Who would care for a plane that the first wind and rain would send crashing right into the town? So I say

## The Magic Word

is "Karo" for breakfast. Highest quality—full weight cans—lowest prices and most delicious on pancakes, hot biscuits and for making gingerbread. Nothing better as a spread on bread for children.

## Do you know how to make Waffles?

2 cups Sifted Pastry Flour  
4 teaspoons Baking Powder  
1 teaspoon Salt  
1½ cups Milk  
3 tablespoons Maltol  
2 Eggs

Sift together all dry ingredients. Beat egg yolks, gradually add milk and Maltol. Stir liquids into dry ingredients and mix well. Cut and fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Have waffle iron hot (oil with Maltol). This makes twelve medium sized waffles. Serve with Karo Syrup.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
The Great American Syrup

IT'S NOT WHAT WE THINK BUT WHAT OUR FRIENDS WHO DRINK IT SAY ABOUT LORD CALVERT COFFEE